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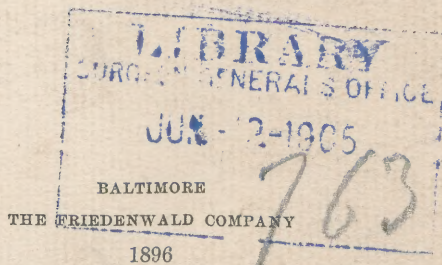
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(OF DOVER'S POWDER)

PHYSICIAN AND BUCCANEER

BY

WILLIAM OSLER



*Johns Hopkins Hospital Historical Club,
January, 1895.*

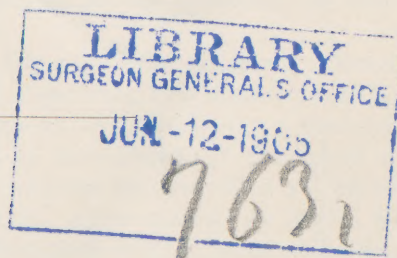
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THOMAS DOVER, M. B. (OF DOVER'S POWDER), PHYSICIAN AND BUCCANEER.

As Sir Thomas Browne remarks in the *Hydriotaphia*: "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity." Thus it happens that Thomas Dover, the Doctor, has drifted into our modern life on a powder label (to which way of entering the company of posterity, though sanctified by Mithridates, many would prefer oblivion, even to continuous immortality on a powder so potent and palatable as the *Pulvis Ipecacuanhæ compositus*); while Thomas Dover, the Buccaneer, third in command, one of the principal owners, and president of the Council of the *Duke and Duchess*,—privateers of the ancient and honorable city of Bristol,—discoverer of Alexander Selkirk (the original Robinson Crusoe), in spite of more enduring claims on our gratitude, has been forgotten.

Of the facts of Dover's life very little is known. Munk (*Roll of the Royal College of Physicians*, Vol. II) states that he was born in Warwickshire about 1660, that he was a Bachelor of medicine of Cambridge, on the authority of the author of the *Athenae Cantabrigenses*, but that his name does not occur on the roll of the graduates. After taking his degree he settled in Bristol, and having made money, joined with some merchants in a privateering expedition. "On Dover's return to England he resumed practice at Bristol, and from the number of patients he says he visited each day during an

epidemic of the fever, he must have obtained the confidence of the inhabitants of that city." In 1721 he settled in London and was admitted a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. He resided in Cecil Street, Strand, but in the latter part of 1728 he removed to Gloucestershire, where he lived for four or five years, when he finally settled in London, at first in Lombard Street, and afterwards in Arundel Street, Strand, where he died probably in the latter part of 1741 or the beginning of 1742. Essentially the same details are given by Dr. Norman Moore in the Dictionary of National Biography.

In his work "The Ancient Physician's Legacy" he often speaks with veneration of Sydenham as his Master; and in his description of the small-pox he says, "whilst I lived with Dr. Sydenham," so that he was probably a house pupil of the great physician, who was at the height of his fame at the very time we may suppose Dover to have been a student of medicine. On the title-page of the first edition of the "Legacy," 1732, he speaks of forty-nine years of practice, so that he probably took his degree in 1683. Apparently he never proceeded to a doctor's degree, since he speaks of himself as a "poor Bachelor of physic." On the title-page of the first edition, however, the letters M. D. occur after his name.

We know really nothing of Dover's life until he appears as one of the promoters of a privateering expedition to the South Seas in 1708. In this he was associated with a group of Bristol merchants, among whom were Alderman Bachelor and Sir John Hawkins. Two ships, the *Duke* and the *Duchess*, were fitted out with great care. Dover went as third in command, being styled Captain Dover, and as owner of a very considerable share of both vessels, he was president of the Council, and had a double voice in the deliberations. The days of the buccaneers were almost numbered, but there was in Bristol at this time one of the last and one of the most famous of the old South Sea captains, William Dampier, a man who knew more of the Spanish Main and of the Pacific than any one living. He had returned recently from a disas-

trous voyage and agreed to accompany Captain Woodes Rogers as pilot of the expedition. In October, 1708, the ships

" . . . sailed against the Spaniard with his hoard of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel torture from the Indian folk of old"—

in which words Charles Kingsley well expresses the feelings which animated these highwaymen of the sea. The narrative of the voyage is told by Captain Woodes Rogers in *A Cruising Voyage Round the World*, 1708-1711, London, 1712.

The expedition was rendered memorable by the discovery of "Robinson Crusoe," which is thus told in the words of Captain Rogers:

"We arrived at the Island of Juan Fernandez on the first of February, 1710, and having a good observation the day before when we found our latitude $34^{\circ} 10'$ S. In the afternoon we hoisted out our pinnace, in which Capt. Dover set off to go on shore, though not less than four leagues from the ship. As it grew dark we observed a light on shore, which some were of the opinion was from our boat, but it was evidently too large for that, and we hung up a light to direct our boat, firing our quarter gun, and showing lights in our mizen and fore shrouds, that our boat might find us, as we had fallen to leeward of the island. Our boat came aboard again about two in the morning, having turned back on seeing the light ashore when within a league, and we were glad they had got off so well, as it now began to blow. We were all convinced that the light which we had seen was from the shore, and therefore prepared our ships for an engagement, supposing it might proceed from some French ships at anchor, which we must either fight or want water. All this stir and apprehension, as we afterwards found, arose from one poor man, who passed in our imagination for a Spanish Garrison, a body of Frenchmen, or a crew of pirates, and it is incredible what strange notions some of our people entertained about this light; yet it served to show their tempers and spirits, and enabled us to guess how our men would behave in case there really were enemies on the island."

"While under these apprehensions we stood to the back of the island in order to fall in with the southerly wind till we were past the island ; then we stood back for it again, and ran close aboard the land that begins to form its N. E. side. The flaws came heavily off the land, and we were forced to reef our top-sails when we opened the middle bay, where we expected to find our enemy, but all was clear and no ships either there or in the other bay near the N. E. end. These are the only bays in which ships can ride that come here for refreshments, the middle one being the best. We now conjectured that there had been ships here, but that they had gone away on seeing us."

"About noon of the 2nd of February we sent our yawl on shore, in which was Captain Dover, Mr. Fry, and six men, all armed; and in the meantime we and the Duchess kept turning in, and such heavy squalls came off the land that we had to let fly our top-sail sheets, keeping all hands to stand by our sails, lest the winds should blow them away. These flaws proceed from the land, which is very high in the middle of the island; but when they passed by we had little or no wind. As our yawl did not return, we sent the pinnace well armed to see what had occasioned the yawl to stay, being afraid there might be a Spanish garrison on the island, who might have seized her and our men. Even the pinnace delayed returning, on which we put up the signal for her to come back, when she soon came off with abundance of cray-fish, bringing also a man clothed in goat skins, who seemed wilder than the original owners of his apparel. His name was *Alexander Selkirk*, a Scotsman, who had been left here by Captain Stradling of the *Cinque-Ports*, and had lived alone on the island for four years and four months. Capt. Dampier* told me he had

*Selkirk had been sailing master under Captain Dampier in his expedition which left in May, 1703, and had been put ashore on the island at his own request. Dampier's expedition was unsuccessful, and "the merchants were so sensible of his want of conduct, that they resolved never to trust him any more with a command."

been Master of the *Cinque-Ports*, and was the best man in that vessel; so I immediately agreed with him to serve as a mate on the Duke. During his stay he had seen several ships pass by, but only two came to anchor at the island, which he found to be Spanish, and therefore retired from them, on which they fired at him, but he escaped into the woods. Had they been French he would have surrendered to them; but chose rather to run the risk of dying alone on the island than fall into the hands of the Spaniards, as he suspected they would either put him to death, or make him a slave in their mines. The Spaniards had landed before he knew what they were, and came so near him that he had much ado to escape; for they not only shot at him, but pursued him into the woods, where he climbed up a tree, at the foot of which some of them made water and killed several goats, yet went away without discovering him."

"He told us he was born in Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, and was bred a sailor from his youth. The reason of his being left there was a difference with Captain Stradling, which, together with the ship being leaky, made him at first rather willing to stay here than to continue in the ship; and when at last he was inclined to have gone, the captain would not receive him. He had been at the island before to wood and water, when two of the men were left upon it for six months, the ship being chased away by two French South Sea ships; but the *Cinque-Ports* returned and took them off, at which time he was left. He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock and some powder and bullets, some tobacco, a knife, a kettle, a bible, with some other books, and his mathematical instruments. He diverted himself and provided for his sustenance as well as he could; but had much ado to bear up against melancholy for the first eight months, and was sore distressed at being left alone in such a desolate place. He built himself two huts of pimento trees, thatched with long grass and lined with goat skins, killing goats as he needed them with his gun so long as his powder lasted, which

was only about a pound at first. When all this was spent he procured fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento wood together. He slept in his larger hut and cooked his victuals in the smaller, which was at some distance, and employed himself in reading, praying, and singing psalms, so that he said he was a better Christian during his solitude than he ever had been before, and than, as he was afraid, he would ever be again."

"At first he never ate but when restrained by hunger, partly from grief, and partly for want of bread and salt. Neither did he then go to bed till he could watch no longer, the pimento wood serving him both for fire and candle, as it burned very clear and refreshed him by its fragrant smell. He might have had fish enough, but would not eat them for want of salt, as they occasioned a looseness; except crayfish, which are as large as lobsters and are very good. These he sometimes boiled, and at other times broiled, as he did his goat's flesh, of which he made good broth, for they are not so rank as our goats. Having kept an account, he said he had killed 500 goats while on the island, besides having caught as many more, which he marked on the ear and let them go. When his powder failed he ran down the goats by speed of foot; for his mode of living with continual exercise of walking and running cleared him of all gross humours, so that he could run with wonderful swiftness through the woods and up the hills and rocks, as we experienced in catching goats for us. We had a bull-dog, which we sent along with several of our nimblest runners to help in catching the goats, but he outstripped our dog and men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back. On one occasion his agility in pursuing a goat nearly cost him his life; as while pursuing it with great eagerness he caught hold of it on the brink of a precipice, of which he was not aware, being concealed by bushes, so that he fell with the goat down the precipice to a great depth, and was so bruised and stunned by the fall that he lay senseless, as he supposed, for twenty-four hours, and when he recovered his senses found the goat dead under him.

He was then scarcely able to crawl to his hut about a mile distant, and could not stir out again for ten days."

"He came at length to relish his meat well enough without bread and salt. In the proper season he had plenty of good turnips, which had been sowed there by Captain Dampier's men, and had now spread over several acres of ground. He had also abundance of cabbage from the cabbage-palms, and seasoned his food with the fruit of the pimento, which is the same with Jamaica pepper, and has a fine flavor. He found also a species of black pepper called *malageta*, which was good for expelling wind and curing gripes."

"He soon wore out his shoes and other clothes by running in the woods, and being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard that he ran about everywhere without inconvenience, and it was some time after he came to us before he could wear shoes, as his feet swelled when he first began to wear them."

"After he had got better of his melancholy he sometimes amused himself with carving his name on the trees, together with the date of his being there, and the time of his solitary residence."

"At first he was much distressed with cats and rats, which had bred there in great numbers from some of each species which had got on shore from ships that had wooded and watered at the island. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes when he was asleep, which obliged him to cherish the cats by feeding them with goat's flesh, so that many of them became so tame that they used to lie beside him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He also tamed some kids, and for his diversion would at times sing and dance with them and his cats; so that by the favor of Providence and the vigor of his youth—for he was now only thirty years of age—he came at length to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude and to be quite easy in his mind."

"When his clothes were worn out he made himself a coat and a cap of goat skin, which he stitched together with thongs of the same, cut out with his knife."

Subsequently the expedition sacked the two cities of Guayaquil, in the assault on which Dover led the van. They took several prizes and cruised about the coast from Peru to California waiting for treasure ships. Of one of the largest prizes, which they named the *Bachelor*, after the Bristol alderman doubtless, Dover took command as chief captain. They then sailed across the Pacific to Batavia, where they refitted, and in October, 1710, sailed for England, which was reached in 1711.

Captain Thomas Dover returned from the South Seas a wealthy man; the expedition had been unusually successful, having realized the enormous sum of £170,000. To Dover, who is stated to have been the owner of a very considerable part of both ships, fell a considerable share of the spoils. Alexander Selkirk as mate received £800 prize money.

Harris (*Voyages*, etc.) makes the following comments on the voyage: "It has been universally allowed by such as are proper judges of such expeditions that there never was any voyage of this nature so happily adjusted, so well provided in all respects, or in which the accidents that usually happen in Privateers were so effectually guarded against." This he attributes to the abilities of the gentlemen of Bristol, and remarks that it was owing to this expedition that the spirit of privateering in the South Seas was not totally lost in England. The large sums realized had evidently made an enduring impression, and Harris adds, "I might, perhaps, go too far should I assert that this voyage gave rise to the South Sea Company, but this much I can safely say, that the success of this voyage was what the patrons of that Company chiefly insisted upon in their defence, when the plan of it was attacked as insufficient and chimerical."

In 1712 Dover must have been fifty years of age, and quite ready to enjoy a period of leisure. Where he settled or what he did we do not know, but it is certain that three years such as he had spent at sea were no preparation for practice. Possibly he travelled, and in the introduction to the *Ancient*

Physician's Legacy he scoffs at the doctors who have travelled "far at home"; "Let them take a trip to Hungary and see the mines," speaking, and describing scenes, as though he had been there himself. He refers not infrequently to his wide knowledge of the globe, and in one place says, "if travelling be necessary to make an accomplished physician, I am very sure that I have travelled more than all the physicians of Great Britain put together."

In 1721, as mentioned by Munk, he was admitted Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, a qualification which enabled a man at that time to practice in and six miles round Westminster. It is doubtful how long he remained at this time in London; at any rate he states (*A. P. L.*) that he lived in Gloucestershire in the years 1728 and 1729. None of the cases which he mentions in his book are of this period. His permanent settlement dates from about 1731. In a 1733 edition of the *A. P. L.*, in replying to certain strictures on the use of quicksilver, he says, "I challenge you to shew when I have lost three patients for the past five years, when I was first called either in acute or chronic cases, (though I have settled in town about eighteen months." At this time Dover was well on in years, about or above seventy, a late age at which to begin practice in London.

To abet his laudable endeavors he resorted to the time-honored plan of writing a book. Of the popular or semi-popular treatises on medical subjects so common in those days, a few were by very able men. George Cheyne's *Essay on Health and Long Life* forms an exception to Latham's sweeping criticism on books of this class (quoted by W. A. Greenhill), "They are all bad, and many dishonest." A favorite plan was to write a treatise on some mineral water, lauding the virtues of a particular spa. Smollett, who knew so well the trials, vexations and disappointments incident to beginning medical life in London, has sketched in strong lines the condition of the profession in the fourth and fifth decades of the century. He, too, had made an unsuccessful attempt to introduce him-

self in an *Essay on the External Use of Cold Water*, etc. Dr. L——n with his “hotch-potch of erudition and extravagance,” and the pedantic doctor in *Peregrine Pickle*, in whom he satirized the learned Dr. Akenside, were well-known types; while in Dr. Fathom the “mystery” of the sons of Paean, as he terms them, is mercilessly exposed. Among the “means used to force a trade” * Smollett mentions “the insertion of cures by way of news in the daily papers,” the erection of a “hospital, lock or infirmary, by the voluntary subscription of his friends; a scheme which had succeeded to a miracle with many of the profession, who had raised themselves into notice on the carcasses of the poor.” To understand Dover’s relations with the apothecaries (to which subsequent reference will be made) the reader must know that they were the general practitioners of that day, and dispensed their own medicines, but in serious cases always called in a physician or a surgeon. Smollett’s account of the practice “parcelled out into small enclosures, occupied by different groups of personages,” who tossed the ball (the patient) from one to another, would almost fit modern usage, in which a patient is sometimes tossed in a circle from specialist to specialist, until he returns with an inventory of his local woes to the consultant from whom he started. In Smollett’s days the patient had to be content with three, except in the cases requiring a midwife. “The apothecary being summoned, finds her ladyship in such a delicate situation that he declines prescribing, and advises her to send for a physician without delay. The nomination of course falls to him, and the doctor being called, declares the necessity of immediate venesection, which is accordingly performed by the surgeon of the association.”

While meriting the general criticism of Latham, the work with which Dover trusted to reach practice had many important qualifications for success. It appealed directly to the

* This seems to have been a stock phrase; Cheyne uses it in his *English Malady*, in an autobiographical note.

public in a taking way, not alone in the main title, *The Ancient Physician's Legacy to His Country, being what he has collected himself in Forty-nine Years of Practice*, but in asserting that the diseases incident to mankind are described in so plain a manner "*that any person may know the nature of his own diseases; together with the several Remedies for each Distemper faithfully set down.*" It is expressly issued as a popular work on medicine, *Designed for the Use of all Private Families.*

The author's name is given, Thomas Dover, M. D., and the work was printed for the author and sold by A. Bellesworth and C. Hitch in Pater-Noster Row, etc. (giving the names of two other booksellers), 1732. Price, stitched, Five Shillings.

This is the title-page, date, etc., of the first edition, a copy of which is in the British Museum. In the Dictionary of National Biography the date of the first edition is given as 1733. The mistake is due to the fact that in this year appeared an edition of the "Legacy" not stated on the title-page to be a second edition. This is the earliest copy in the Library of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, and in the Radcliffe Library. The name is spelt *Dovar*, and the title-page is different. Forty-nine years of practice are still claimed (not fifty), and it is stated that "the extraordinary effects of mercury are more particularly considered." After the author's name, Thomas Dover, M. D., are the words, "with remarks on the whole by a learned physician." There is also a translation of a treatise on mercury "by the learned Belloste." It was printed for the relict of the late R. Bradley, F. R. S. The second and third editions I have not seen; this was probably one of them. The fourth and fifth editions also appeared in 1733; the sixth in 1742; the seventh in 1762, and the eighth, the last so far as I know, in 1771.

The *Ancient Physician's Legacy*, in the language of one of Dover's correspondents, "made a great noise in London, and was the subject of almost every Coffee-house."

It contains a description in plain language of about forty-two disorders, illustrated by cases, the majority of which are made to attest in some way to the author's skill. The later editions abound in letters from grateful patients, extolling his virtues. The pictures of disease are scarcely such as might have been expected from a pupil of Sydenham. The account of consumption or "phthisis," as he spells it, is very meagre from the hand of a contemporary, possibly a friend, of the author of the *Phthisiologia*. There are evidences throughout that the book was written "for revenue purposes only," and the spirit of the buccaneer was not dead in the old man, as no occasion is missed either to blow his own trumpet, or to tilt a lance at his colleagues. "Let me but come to People as early in this Distemper (dropsy) as they generally apply for relief from other Physicians, and it shall be cured," etc.

On page 18, in the section on gout is given the formula of his famous powder. "Take Opium one ounce, Salt-Petre and Tartar vitriolated each four ounces, Ipocacuana one ounce. Put the Salt-Petre and Tartar into a red hot mortar, stirring them with a spoon until they have done flaming. Then powder them very fine; after that slice in your opium, grind them to a powder, and then mix the other powders with these. Dose from forty to sixty or seventy grains in a glass of white wine Posset going to bed; covering up warm and drinking a quart or three pints of the Posset—Drink while sweating." The same formula is repeated in all the editions. He says that some apothecaries have desired their patients to make their wills and settle their affairs before they venture upon so large a dose as from forty to seventy grains. "As monstrous as they may represent this, I can produce undeniable proofs where a patient of mine has taken no less a quantity than an hundred grains, and yet has appeared abroad the next day."

In the treatment of fevers he follows the practice of the "good Dr. Sydenham," for whose memory he professes "the greatest veneration." "In this Distemper as in all other

Fevers, I prescribe the cool Regimen, which must be followed in case Mankind prefer *Life* to Death; Ease to Pain; a short Fit of Illness to a long and tedious one; a good to a broken and shattered constitution, laying aside Blisters and all heating and poisonous Powders." In another place he says, "I would have cold bathing grow as universal as inoculation." He waxes furious against the "Unhuman Method of Blistering," and invokes the authority of Radcliffe and "the honest Dr. Sydenham" against it. When living with Dr. Sydenham, Dover had smallpox. In the beginning he lost twenty-two ounces of blood and had a vomit. He went abroad until he was blind, and then took to bed. "I had no fire allowed in my room, my windows were constantly open, my bed-clothes were ordered to be laid no higher than my waist. He made me take twelve bottles of small beer acidulated with spirit of vitriol every twenty-four hours." The experiences of his travels are referred to frequently, and he mentions Asia, the East and West Indies, and Hungary, in connection with special points in practice. There is an account of the plague among the sailors of the *Duke* and *Duchess*, "when I took by storm the two cities of Guaiacuil, under the line, in the South Seas."

The Ancient Physician's chief legacy to his country was quicksilver, which was his specific in almost every disease, and the use of which is vaunted in a most forcible manner in letters from patients. He ordered an ounce or an ounce and a quarter of crude mercury daily, believing that it freed the patient from all vermicular diseases, opened all obstructions, and made a pure balsam of the blood. A Captain Harry Coit, who had lived by the doctor's direction "on Asses milk, Syrup of Snails and such stuff," took for his cough and shortness of breath an ounce a day, and took altogether an hundred and twenty pounds weight. Dover says that he was called in derision, *The Quicksilver Doctor*. The "Legacy" stirred up an active pamphlet war, and for twenty years or more the merits of crude mercury were much discussed.

If Dover's object in writing the work was to gain publicity, he could not have taken a better way than in his sharp comments on the physicians and apothecaries. The latter he assaults in terms which must have tickled the frequenters of the coffee-houses, among whom we are told the book made such a noise. "I never affronted any Apothecary, unless in ordering too little Physic; and curing a patient too soon, is, in their Way of Thinking, an unpardonable Crime. I must confess, I never could bring an Apothecary's Bill to three pounds in a fever; whereas I have known some of their bills in this disease amount to forty, fifty, and sixty Pounds. If they can't cure with less charges, I can't forbear saying, That I have the same opinion of their Integrity as I have of their Understanding." The doctrine of the apothecary was that, "*'Tis your Writing-Physician only who has a Title to a Fee.*" Dover takes strong and most reasonable ground against the constant varying of prescriptions when there is no occasion for it. The hostility of the apothecaries to him, according to his own account, arose from his being "always inviolably attached to the Interest and Welfare of my Patient and entirely regardless of these Gentlemen's unwarrantable Gains." These attacks did not pass unnoticed, and in 1733 H. Bradley, Surgeon, criticises the Ancient Physician's Legacy, and makes some "animadversions on his scurrilous Treatment of the Professors of Physic in general; with a word or two on the uselessness of his Legacy to all Private Families."

Daniel Turner, "of the College of Physicians," who in the same year, "impartially surveys the Ancient Physician's Legacy," refers to the Guaiacum incident in the following terms: "I think the Doctor had much better have left out his Bravado of having taken two cities by storm, unless he thinks it an honour to a Physician to kill and slay, and after to plunder the Innocent, those who never wronged him, and to carry off the spoil; a good prelude, this, to the blood shed after among his own men." (Dover had had them bled

copiously for the plague.) Turner hints that Dr. D—v's quicksilver did not a little to hasten the end of the celebrated tragedian, Barton Booth, to whom he had given between May 3d and 8th, within two ounces of two pounds of mercury.


Like his master, Dover's only affiliation with the Royal College of Physicians was through the minimum qualification of the license. Sydenham and Morton, the two most distinguished English clinical physicians of the 17th century, were regarded as innovators and "sectaries" by the heads of the College, who, as Sydenham remarks, took fire at his attempts to reduce practice to greater easiness and plainness. The coolness and moderation of the Master were not imitated by the "Ancient Physician," who in the sixth edition attacks the gentlemen of the faculty, and warns unwary people "not to take every Graduate for a Physician, nor a clan of prejudiced Gentlemen for Oracles." He added to his Legacy the *Statuta Moralia*, or as he terms it on the title-page, "the moral conversation of the College of Physic, in Latin and English, by way of appendix, together with a Digression." Dover affirms boldly that the whole purport of the "Conversation" is to conceal their ignorance and to deceive their miserable patients, but he avers his desire is "more to do justice to Mankind than to irritate and provoke a Set of Gentlemen who, like moles, work underground, lest their Practices should be discovered to the Populace." He again refers to the relations of the apothecaries with the physicians in the following terms: "The Apothecaries, generally speaking, have it in their Power to recommend the Physician, which is the wrongest Step the Patient can possibly take: The Physician, to gratify the Apothecary, thinks himself obliged to order ten times more Physic than the Patient really wants, by which means he often ruins his Constitution, and too often his Life; otherwise how is it possible an Apothecary's Bill in a Fever, should amount to Forty or Fifty, or more Pounds? Nay, I have been creditably inform'd that several of those Apothecaries have declared they would never call in a Physician, but what should put Fifteen or Twenty

Shilling a Day into their Pockets: What must the Conscience of such Physicians be, that would forfeit their Reputation and every thing that is dear to them, by cheating for others? I would venture to say, Neither Sydenham's nor Radcliff's Bills did ever amount to Forty Shillings in a Fever, and yet they recover'd their Patients without the Rule, at present prescribed, of Vomiting, Bleeding, and multiplying Blisters in all Cases whatsoever; so since this is to be their Rule of Practice, they are very indifferent in their Enquiries what the Patient's Disease is."

Dover continued to practice in London, and in the seventh edition of the *A. P. L.* there is a letter to him from Catherine Hood, dated November 6, 1738, in which she speaks of having consulted him in 1737.

In 1742 appeared the sixth edition of the *Legacy*, which must have been issued by the author, as he speaks on the title-page of fifty-eight years of practice. He is stated by Munk to have died in 1741 or 1742, probably the latter, but his name does not appear in the register of deaths in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in either of those years.

Doubtless the old buccaneer, described "as a man of rough temper, who could not easily agree with those about him," was a striking figure as he passed along the Strand to the Jerusalem Coffee House, where he saw his patients. A good fighter, a good hater, as alas! so many physicians have been, his weaknesses and evil behavior we may forget, but Captain Thomas Dover, who on the 2nd of February, 1710, found "Robinson Crusoe," the world should not forget; and we also of his craft have cause daily to remember with gratitude the student and friend of the great Sydenham, who had the wit, in devising a powder, to remember his master's injunction: *Sine papaveribus, sine opiatibus et medicamentis, ex iis confectis, manca est clauda, esset medicina.*


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